

ENGLYNION

Y Glowr

Poer y llwch o'r pair llachar - yn ei boen,
Yn ei boen aflafar,
Poen ei gymal, sw^n galar,
Rhed y cec ar hyd y cwar.

Y Lleuad

Ael y lloer dros ben i^al llwyd - awen fud
O'r hen fyd le'i magwyd,
Oer y ias, y mae arswyd -
Golau gla^n a glo y glwyd.

Y Madarch

Ca^f ofn sydyn y cyfarch, - gwddw gwyn,
Agwedd gwael yr alarch,
Llai a brych yw lliw ei barch,
Y tir mud yw ty^r madarch.

ENGLYNION Y MISOEDD

Ionawr

Oer a gwyn, mud yw'r gweundir, - oer y dydd,
Y duedd heb flagur,
Daw her sydyn yr eryr,
Ar naws y dydd hirnos dyr.

Chwefror

Dan y lloer mae adain llwm, - a daw'r gwynt
A dyr gwan a'i fwrlwm,
Daw naid ddu adain ddwn,
Aradr oes yn ordrwm.

Mawrth

Y mae rhith ia^l y Mawrth oer - yn gyllell,
Yn gell llymder di-loer,
Ar y byd yr eira boer,
Ar faes is, ar fis iasoer.

Ebrill

Golau'r coel ar ei foelydd - ar eira
Eryri, ar henddydd,
Ar wyneb bryn, ar wynbridd;
Golau'r haf o gil yr hudd.

Mai

Gwyrdd a mwyn yw grudd y Mai, - y goeden
I gyd yn deg tyfai
Y marw drom mae ar drai,
Llwyn o gwsg yn llon gwisgai.

Mehefin

Cywain gwair yn eurlawn - ddydd o haf,
Hedd a ddofa, gwres orlawn,
Bendigedig a digawn,
Yn ir y medd ar y mawn.

Gorffenhaf

Mal y don, mil adeinydd, - mal duedd
Y moel. Dydd, yr hafddydd,
Daw yn fwyn daw yn feunydd,
Hwyl a sw^n yr hela sydd.

Awst

Nyth a gudd y gwenith gwyn, - y bladur
Y blodau yn erlyn,
Ehed o fraw ar hyd fryn,
Aur ei darf, oer ei derfyn.

Medi

Mud yw mwyar y Medi - y cysgod
Du, y cwsg yn hadu,
Mwyn y byd min y beudu,
A brwyn dan y Baran du.

Hydref

Rhedyn y cnawd, rhwd yn cnoi - ar lo main
Reilwe mud yn crynhoi,
Y cof llosg yn ei osgoi,
Heddiw ddaw o wraidd ei ddoe,

Tachwedd

Llech y maen a llwch y mur, - y gragen hon
O graig hen dy lafur,
Uwch dy loes mae d'achlysur,
O aeaf poen yr haf pur.

Rhagfyr

A nawr yr haul gwawr a gur - a'i rinwedd
A'i raen, hael ei gysur,
Gwledd rhag Faban Rhagfyr,
Naws y dydd y nos a dyr.

Scans

ENGLYNION OF THE MONTHS

January

Cold and white, silent the heathland - cold by day,
Cold on darkness without flowering,
Suddenly the eagle's challenge,
On day's aspect long night descends.

February

Under the moon winged poverty - evil
Comes with the wind and its howling,
Black leaping of the dusky wing,
Life's plough is over heavy.

March

The surface of cold March's soil - is a knife

A cell of moonless poverty,
The snow spits on on the world,
On the field below, on the shiver-cold month.

April

An omen lights on the bare mountains - of Snowdonia,
On the cold snow of old day,
On a cold face, on a white soil;
Summer lights and darkness flees.

May

May's cheek is green and fair - the lovely tree
Grows beneath the sky,
Heavy dying is ebbing,
Sleepy bush dresses merrily.

June

Hay harvest in gold-laden - day of summer,
Deep in over-full warmth,
Blessed and fulsome
Succulent mead on the peat.

July

Like a wave a thousand wings, - like blackness
In the blazing light of summerday,
Sound and merriment hunting sap,
Fair game and perennial gathering.

August

A nest hides in the white wheat - the scythe
Threatens the flowers,
He flies in fright above the hill,
Golden his source, cold his ending.

September

September's blackberries are silent - in his sleep,
In his own shadow;
Gentle world of the cattle barn,
Heather under black Baran.

October

Fern in flesh, rusty biting - on the coal grains
Of a mute railway, gathering;
Burn the memories to avoid them,
Today comes from yesterday's roots.

November

Slate and stone and dust of wall, - this wall
From rock of labour,
Above the hurt you built your era,
From winter's pain the pure summer.

December

Now the sun strikes the dawn - with virtue
And lustre, generous comfort,
A feast for December's Child,
Taste of day shatters night.

Cantref Gwaelod

Y mae hoen, y mae hunllef - y gwaelod
Yw glywed o bentref,
Ar loer, ar fo^r oer ei lef,
Rhed y gwynt ar hyd gantref.

Y Capel Mud

Cip law main, y capel mud, - a ger heol
Ei gri hallt uwch gerbyd,
Y saim brwnt du yn symud,
Ei arw boen ar y byd.

Y Gaeaf Hir

Duedd cul y dydd caled - heb ei haul
Heb ei hwyl, gwres deled!
Gwres ar lwyn a gras ar led,

Yfa' fedd, haf a fydded!
Y Dref Fawr

Llif o fwrlwm, lliwiau llon - yr ennyd
Ar naid y dydd eurlon.
O mor gul y mae'r galon,
Du'n y dw^r o dan y don.

Y Chwibon

Yr enfys, arch oer enfawr - uwchben y
Chwibon; sain ei oriawr
Ger swyn lliwiog a gyr sawr
Ar hoen a sw^n yr henawr.

Yr Oen Newydd

Ar y gwys hir ei goesau, - daear wych
A dyr gyda'i neidiau,
Hwyl i gael, hela golau,
Dros y mawn yn drysi mae.

Y Golau Wedi'r Glaw

Moel o waed, y malwodun - yn llisgo
Ac yn llosgi'i ennyd,
Glaw yr aeth, gloyw'r eithin,
A braf yr haul ar y bryn.

Ffoadur - I Gyfarch Edward Kluk Katowice

Y brad mor hyll o'r brodyr, - carcharu,
Cyrchu'r gw^r yn Ragfyr,
Dwr oer ei enaid a dyr,
O hel ddoe haul a ddeuir.

Yr Adfail

Mud yw llechi'r to^ a'r mur; - y graig hen,
Y gragen, hon o'th lafur.
Haf dy bi^n, yr hafod bur,
Y blodyn dan y bladur.

Yr Afon

Sw^n y dwfr, sain a dofrwydd - ar y graig
O'r grugiau, bodlonrwydd.
Haul y naid fel y nodwydd,
Rhed afon ar faen yn rwydd.

Yr Hen Lowr

Duedd a ddeil y dwylaw, - oes byr dan
Ysbryd y se^r distaw,
Banner goleuni gerllaw,
A dan eu byd, du'n y baw.

Natur Ddyn

Dirwyn graeth ar darian gron, - ei aradr
Ar draws blaned ddirion,
Ei raen hyll ar y nen hon,
Yn y gwys nid yw'n gyson.

Y Golau Wedi'r Glaw

Y glaw mawr ar arogl mawn - yn tasgu
Ar hoen tesog brynhawn.
Daw aur o liwiau orlawn,
O ddw^r oer gwlyb ei ddawn.

Niwmo

Barf o lo yn ei berfedd, - a sug ei
Ysgyfaint y pydredd,
O haf ei foel, haf ei fedd
O lwch caled dan lechwedd.

Alarch ar y Nyth

Alarch gwyn yn arch erchyll, - ei chwib noeth
Uwchben nyth a chewyll,
Y cawr a'i lef yn sefyll,
A gil hoen y gelyn hyll.

Er Cof am William John a Gwenllian Evans

Dan y trum a dan y trwch, - yng nghwm mwyn,
Yng nghwm mud gorweddwch;
Clawdd y llan yn claddu llwch
Yn ei hudd, yn ei heddwch.

Scans

The Long Winter

Narrow blackness of the hard day - without its sun
Without merriment, warmth arrive!
Warmth and growth and grace abounding,
I drink my mead, summer come!

The Great City

Flow of chaos, bright colours - the instant
Of a leaping day clothed in gold.
So narrow is the heart,
Black in the water beneath the wave.

The Curlew

The rainbow, a cold and mighty arch - over the
Curlew; the sound of his timepiece
A colour-enchantment, savour
And sound of the old hour.

The New Lamb

On the long furrow his legs - pound
The fine soil, leaping,
Great happiness, hunting light
Over the peat, he goes wild.

The Coalminer

Dust pours from the fiery cauldron - in his pain,
In his pain, in his harsh pain,
He combs the dark sound
As the pick runs along the seam.

The Moon

The moon's brow over moorland - silent inspiration
From the heaven that bore it,
The stars are frightened -
Dawn, a fair cradle, nets them.

The Mushroom

A shiver as I meet it - a sharpness
Like the white swan's neck,
Silent grey is the colour of its pride
The dumb earth, mushroom's abode.

Light after Rain

Bloody moorland, a snail - slithers
And burns the moment.
The rain has gone, the gorse shines,
The sun's slow light on the hilltop.

Refugee - for Edward Kluk Katowice

Ugly betrayal by brothers, - imprisonment,
The assault in December,
Freezing water cut his soul,
From yesterday's hunting there will come the sun.

The Ruin

The roofslates and wall are dumb, - the old rock,
The shell, this from your labour.
Your summer's pines, your pure summer's pasture,
The flower under the scythe.

The River

bedrock

Sound of water, a soothing enchantment - on the
Made of mountains, contentment.
The sun leaps like a needle,
A river runs swiftly on the stone.

The Old Miner

He holds darkness in his hands, - a short life under
Silent starry spirit,
A banner of light nearby,
And under their world, black in dust.

The Nature of Mankind

Fervent scar on rounded shield, - his plough
Across a charming planet,
His ugly aspect on this firmament,
Carving a jagged furrow.

Light after Rain

Heavy rain on fragrant peat - pouring
On the warmth of an afternoon.
Gold will arrive, a fulfillment of colours
Made of cold water able only to soak.

Niwmo

A beard of coal in his guts, - and draw in
His lungs the corruption,
In his moorland summer he drinks this mead

Of hard dust under the hillside.

Swan on the Nest

The white swan, a frightening arch, - its bare hiss
Over nest and cradles,
The giant leaps with a roar,
And the shadowy predator flees.

CYWYDD

Marwnad ei Dad

Hedd y llan, hudd y llencyn,
Bo lwyd gwsg dan blodau gwyn,
Y bugail bach ar fachyn,
Twyll y ta^l, tywyll tyn,
Glo a baw, clai dy gawell,
Addewid gam oedd dy gell,
Canaf glod i dy dlodi,
Dwys yw hedd y glowr du.
Yr hen frain ar hoen fryniau,
Yn y llan mae'r golau'n llai,
Malwoden dan ddeulen ddu,
Oerni nwydd, haearn ynddi,
Yn y cof hun y cyfan,
Yn y maen ac yn y man,

Y mab dwys rhwng grwys a gras,
Hudd heddiw mewn hedd addas,
Ef oedd fawr, ac ef oedd fur,
Gwyn ei gof yn y gweundir,
Ef oedd hael o fedd heulwen,
Ei ysbryd nawr, sibrwd nen,
Dewr yr ysbryd cryf, derwen
Fawr y brwyn, yn fur o bren.
Io^r mawr y nenfyd 'r oedd,
O gwmwl aur, o gymoedd,
Mawr ei fri, a gwawr ei gof,
Graen ei oes a drig arnof.

Scan

Elegy for his Father

The peaceful llan hides the youngling,
Let grey shadow be under white flowers,
The little shepherd on a hook,
Was fed decept, dark and binding,
Coal and dirt, your cradle's clay,
False promise was your cell,
I sing praise for your poverty,
Sullen peace for the black collier.
The ancient crows on aspect of hills,
In the llan the light dims,
A snail under a black leaf,
Cold material, iron in it,
In memory sleeps everything,
In the stone here in place,
The sullen boy among crosses and in grace,
Sleeps today in apt peace,
He was great, he was a bastion,
Blessed his memory in the heathland,
He was generous, of sunlight's mead,
His spirit now whispers in the void,
The brave, strong spirit, the great oak
Among heather, a wall of wood.
Great man of the gods' making he was
Born of golden cloud and valleys,
Great his virtue, his memory dawns,
His life's aspect dwells in me.

Y Machlud

Dirwyn graeth ar darian gron,
Yn frwd elyn afradlon,
Mo^r o waed ar lwydni mud,
Fflach lem o'r haul yn machlud,
Gwledd gafodd naws ei gleddyf,
Llosg ei awch yng nghochni'r llif,
Gadael y wna'n ei gadwyn,
Gras mawr, y dydd, y gwres mwyn,
Gwrid gynddeiriog awr ar gynn,
Ei dasgu, oerni'n disgyn,
Ar dir dwys yr aradr dyr,
A'r gwys ni ry o gysur,
A hoen y nos yn nesai,
Duedd llwm ac agwedd gwae;
Haul o lid a grael o lw
Ar y mo^r, ar y meirw,
Yn gochedd diwedd heddiw,
Y machlud a'i lid a'i liw.

Scan

The Sunset

Savage scar on round shield,
Fervent, wasteful enemy,
A sea of blood on silent greyness,
Flash of the setting sun,
His sharp sword had a feast,
The edge burns in the crimson flood,
And he leaves in chains
The great grace, the day, the fair warmth,
Great anger of the burning hour,
Its pouring, descending cold,
On a sullen earth the plough beats,
The harrow gives no comfort,
And night's aspect nears,
Desolate blackness, aspect of sorrow;
Angry sun, whose grail is a curse
On the sea and on the dead,
In redness ends today,
In sunset and its fury and colour.

FREE METRE VERSE

Aberfan

(Refrain from "Gwalia Deserta", Idris Davies, the Miners' Poet)

We are crushed who now lie in this sultry grave
In the dark mountain's heart

Now, forever, we are stilled,
An earth, an age, apart,
"And who robbed the miner
Cry the grim bells of Blaina"

Man's black hand is evil on our brow,
The slurry and the sword cut deep,
For us, the prey, in this indifferent soil now
The mourning blind mists weep.
"Even God is uneasy
Say the moist bells of Swansea."

The spared have heard the valley roar
A shadowed, deathly psalm,
They claw in horror at the shroud of coal,
Still, we the dead lie calm.
"They have fangs, they have teeth
Shout the loud bells of Neath."

The blue scarred hold us as we bleed,
Take us as the carrion,
The burning eyes, the burning sun, are blind,
For now the day is done.
"O what can you give me,
Say the sad bells of Rhymney?"

(First published, "Contemporary Poets", 1974)

In the Damp Winter Air

In the damp winter air
A bare latticed willow frames the lair,
The noon dark valley with the red shoulder,
Of the dead mine owner.
“No dumping of rubbish” to the green flowing stream
From Clydach Merthyr Colliery, Craigola Seam,
Bubbling on its ancient bedrocks
By order of the National Coal Board.

Rusting ferns on a dusty Christmas day
Adorn an old lung shaft that a death ago
Drew spring’s life to a catacomb,
The rain pools tremble with the ghostly wind,
Mirroring a purple wreath.

A rusty skeleton with corrugated bones
Is enthroned in exploitation’s rotting corpse,
The pay office is bricked up rent in grey lament,
Bitter toil, primordial strife, a ruin.

The tram rope is a gallows in the packed path,
Of death’s grim domain, timbering rules,
Faded on the bone, whisper windy defiance,
The old cross sower is burned in the wood.

A low god breathes dust,
Beware of the engine that carried him here,
The willows mourn his mortality,
His soul is at sea.

(First published, “Contemporary Poets”, 1974)

For a' That

We are one with the wind
And laughing earth,
Eternity smiles in our image,
And carries us from the prison
Of mortality.

(First published, “Contemporary Poets”, 1974)

Yn y Llwchfeydd ger Bow Street Dyfed

Mae'r ffyrdd yn dawel,
Ac yn berlau coed y gorwel,
Ar ffedog rhew'r nos mae'r lloer
Yn syfrdanu'r mecanyddol.

A'r lo^n syth, enfawr,
Yn rhuthro at y wawr
Fel tarw at y dur
Dan drwch o eira mae

Gosododd yr oerfel ei liny
Yn dawel ar ei ganfas
A'r heol syth yn feddw-gysglyd
A ddiflanodd ym merthi's tywodydd,
Y swyngyfaredd berffaith newydd.
Y tarw'n suddo i gyffur ei gleddyf,
Ei wely cynnes yr eira dwfn.

(First published, "Poetry Wales", early eighties).

Scan

In Snowdrifts near Bow Street, Dyfed

The highways are quiet,
Trees, horizon's pearls,
The moon, night's icy wizard,
Astound all things mechanical.
The straight unyielding path
That rushes for the dawn
Like a bull at the steel
Is buried thickly in snow.

Cold draws its own circle,
Woven on a delicate cloth,
And the bull-road, sleep-drunk,
Floats to ground in snowdrifts.
A perfect enchantment,
The bull sinks into the drugged sword,
Welcomed warmly by the white matador.

Y Nos a'i Harianrod

"I saw Eternity the other night
Like a great Ring of pure and endless light
All calm as it was bright."

Henry

Vaughan

Trobwll yn rhewi'n sydyn yn d'afael
Yw'r eiliad olaf.
Tragywydd ar dafod y boddwr,
Cywydd o ddeigryn y dw^r:
Trobwll yn tynnu at ei phurdeb,
Yr arianrod.
Ar dduedd y domen o lo gerllaw
Mae'r mynyddoedd oeraidd distaw,
Dychrynllyd maent, diderfyn,
A'r golau'n chwyrn.

(First published "Poetry Wales", early eighties)

Scan

The Night and her Silver Ring

This whirlpool freezes
Your last drowning second,
Eternity on tongue,
Cywydd, tear, of water:
The silver ring beckons.
On a black tip of coal nearby
The mountains are cold and distant,
Terrible and eternal
In the fierce light.

Pisa, Mawrth 1982

Mi a ddiflanais fel gwllith rhwng bryniau o feini
Meini'r blynyddoedd fel cymylau's addo'n drwm
A^r Arno i rodio'n dawel
A llygredd eu henaint, yn araf i'r gorwel;

I lifo ble ddoe eu cyflymder
A darodd a^ dwr y graig,
Fel gw^r a gwraig
Eu plant yn feini llyfn.

A'r tw^r ar hanner ei ddisgyn
Mi a welais ddyn y dewin
Y addo wedi'r llif
Gwyrthiau ei bensarniaeth fel nawdd,
Gloria mundis, clawdd,
Arian afon ei oesoedd fel tarian
Yng ngwacter nos
I ddisgleirio ym medd-dod a ffos.

Gweithredoedd ddyn, o'i ogofau
Yn danllyd a'i gerbydau
Ymladdant am aer
I ddilyn y disglair;
Yn yr Arno yn dawel ger ei bron,
Yn gysglyd ym mronau'r don,
Toddi maent fel gwllith o'r gwair.

Ma^n yw'r meini,
Tywodydd yn eu breichiau,
Bryniau cyntaf Pisa,
A dofrwydd afon yn difetha.

(First published "Poetry Wales", 1983)

Scan

Pisa, March 1982

I have vanished like dew between hills of masonry,
Stony ages, clouds that gravely promise
To journey with the Arno, quietly
To frail old age, to the slow far distant horizon;
To flow away from yesterday,
Whose waters struck the rock with vigour,
And sculpted children
As man and wife.

The half fallen tower
Is man the miracle maker,
Seeding after floods
The fruit of his skill.
Gloria mundis on its banks,
The river of his ages flows
Around his stony shield,

And the vacuum of night
Strikes home on the black and frenzied earth.

The works of man
Are illustrious cave-born dreams,
A brief firmament
To the quiet Arno,
Lapping in its ancient waters
The morning's dew.
The stones are dust
In her arms,
The gentle river
Bears to the sea
The first hills of Pisa.

Yn y Labordy

Yma'n ddiogel dan ei glo
Mae'r gw^r gwyn yn agor ei ga^n
A thinc gofalus, llywodraethol.
Yn hecian yn ddall yng nghalon y nos,
Beth oedd ond wargaledrwydd
Mae nawr yn chwarae rwydd
A^r fformiwlai.

A phan mae'r gynnu mawr yn tanio
A'r arfau newydd cryf yn glanio
Fel dyrnau brwnt ar blant ein byd,
Mae ef a natur yn gyhyd
A^u galar mud.

(First published, "Poetry Wales", 1983)

Scan

In the Laboratory

Here, safely locked away,
A man in white is declaiming
On a very careful, controlled, beat.
Hesitantly, almost blindly, in the heart of night,
What used to be just stubbornness
Became easy playing
With formulae.

And when those big guns fire,
And powerful new weaponry, dirty fists,

Hit the children of our world,
He and nature lie content
In mute confession.

Streic y Glowyr

Yng nghwmni'r hen gellwair
Ma' pob dyn call
Yn cadw'n dawel fel cadno dilys ei dwyll,
Yn dywyll, yn ddall;
Distaw frenin dirgel yn ei lys,
Yn feistr ar y ffw^l ei dynged.
Mae'r haf yn oer yn ei gastell unig,
Dan y ffrwyn y dyn ffyrnig,
Yn malu'r muriau, grawn gan rawn,
Ei oes yn gyfiawn.

Scan

Miners' Strike

Accompanied by an old lie,
Every salaried man jack
Keeps his face shut, is a fox intent on deceit.
He obscures himself, is blind
At a kingly distance in the court,
Master of that fool called destiny.
But in his castle, summer freezes,
The brave warrior is ensnared;
In beating at the walls, grain by grain,
His being turns dust to dust.

Viva! Viva!
(April 1982)

Ysgyfarnog Mawrth a ddiflanodd
I gyfeiriad ei gorwynt,
Nawddsaint Ebrill, mae rhyfel ynddynt,
Eu cnawd a ddur y llynges llwyd
Yn canu'r calan ar aelwyd
Y cyfiawnder ger eu bron.
Yn eu hesgryn, dirgelwch,
Yn eu gwaed, difyrrwch
Diniwed eu cyrff yn malurio'r don.

A dadlau mae'r tonnau hallt
A thynged eu dagrau'n torri
Ar ynysoedd unig eu glwadgarwch -
Clywch! Viva ! Viva! Gwedd y weddw
Ar wyneb ei llain yn sych ac yn arw,
A gwyneb ei chariad yn lwyd yn farw!
Ebrill a^i gawodydd daeth a therfyn i'w ddydd.

Scan

Viva! Viva!
(April 1982)

March hared madly
In a great storm.
April's idols have war in them,
Their flesh drawn in steel of great warships,
Welcomes in the new day on the doorstep
They rightfully call theirs.
In their bones lies murky hatred,
A marrow of unfinished business,
Their bodies innocently thrash the waves.

The waves are bitter, steal the waters
Of she whose tears break
On lonely, patriotic islands -
Listen! Viva! Viva! New widow screams
On faces of our dry and barren dreams,
A dead and grey complexion.

Y Filltir Scwa^r
(Er cof am Tomos Elim Jones, Craigcefnparc, ei ddadcu)

Mae'r haul ar Fynydd y Gwair,
Miloedd o leiniau disglair,
Mi a gymeraf wres i'w wydd,
Gwau ef bridd yn frethyn aur.

Edafedd dyfroedd afon,
Fflach o fywyd bythol hon,
Ennyd y dydd, dw^r ei oriawr,
Deil y wawr yn nhardd ei don.

Mi a glywaf Blant yr Haf
Yn chwerthin yn ei gaeaf,
Dilladach llwyd eu tlodi mawr
A dry y nawr yn harddaf.

Llachar, hir, ar hyd y bryn,
A welaf ddydd yn ennyn,
Yr hen fro hon yn fam ei byd
A'i chwm ei chrud cyntefin.

Dros fy wyneb mae fy llen,
Arch y garreg oer uwchben,
Fy ngharchar unig oedd i mi
Yn nhywyllwch ei thalcen.

Caeth i'r glo nid ydwyf nawr,
Ond glasder nenfrwd enfawr
A ry i'm eto olau ddydd,
Aer y mynydd, pe^r ei sawr
Mi a grwydraf yn fy haf,
Yng nghwresni'r brethyn harddaf,
Yr ysbryd cyntaf eto'n rydd,
A'r pridd euraidd amdanaf.

Scan

The Square Mile

(In memory of Thomas Elim Jones, Craigeafnparc, his grandfather)

The sun on Mynydd y Gwair,
Thousands of shining measures,
To his loom I'll take day's warmth,
Of soil he'll weave the wool cloth gold.

Threaded in river water,
Life flashes eternally,
Day's instants in the stream,
Fragments of his rising dawn.

I hear now Summer's Children
Laughing in their winter cold,
Grey rags, poverty,
Flash in harmony.

Vivid infinity, beckoning hill,
I feel the daylight glow,
This ancient land is mother,
The cwm her first born cradle.

My winding sheet lies over me,
A cold rock arches over me,
Encaged in woven cold,

Threads of blackest coal.

But I am free of master coal,
And the great blue arch of day
Breathes life into me,
Once more the mountain air.
Arm in arm with summer
And dressed in finery
My spirit freely wanders
My soil my cloth of gold.

I'r Glowr

Yng ngwresog haf, ef y llencyn,
Gaeaf yw yn lwch ei wanwyn.

Y bugail mwyn ar fachyn ei oes,
Scerbwd mochyn yn ei loes.

Gweled y meistri yn dy wlad,
Rhedyn lliw dy waed yn tagu'r had.

Haid o ddefaid ydyw'r wedd,
Yn gorwedd yn ei pydredd.

O ddyfroedd canrifoedd tlodi,
Glo dy ddilladach disglair du.

Lluniaeth a llan dy ddwy gell,
Glo caled, clai dy gawell.

Medd-dod byd oedd dy gyfnod,
A thi a ganaist ei glod.

Milenium milain fel clog amdanot,
Barrug iaith, olion arnot.

D'ysbryd yn sarnu'r chwedlau,
Yn crwydro lle by trai.

Yr hen frain ar dy fryniau
Yw milwyr duon yng nghae

Dy ddoe, a thi y plisgyn o'r Somme
Malwoden, cragen drom.

Trefydd anferth y byd newydd,

Gweigion maent gan ddydd,
Ar drothwy bedd, wrth eu bodd,
Yn gwreiddio am ef a'u creodd.

O feibion yr eigion braf,
Tybed a thi yw'r harddaf?

Glaw'r efengyl ar y wawr,
Cymylau'r cymoedd ar lawr.

Scan

To the Coal Miner
Of Black Gold

Warm hearted youth of summer
In spring's old dusty winter,

Black shepherd of the coal seam
Hooked like pig meat on a beam

In his greed ravaged country
Whose hillsides choke bloodily,

Whose burden of sodden sheep
Dream corruption in their sleep,

Bears black centuries of poor
Dressed in the rags of folklore:

Dreams of truth and sustenance
Framed in golden elegance,

Prisoners of a drunken time,
Eulogies of filth and grime.

Cloak of thousand stones he wears,
Frosty echoes of the years,

Songs and myths and mysteries
Buried in his tidal seas,

Croaks of crows are piercing,
Black soldiers dimly marching

For his Somme; time's fragile hell
He bears like a snail his shell.

Great cities far, far away
Echo emptily by day,

Dance the dance of time's hard beat
With his world beneath their feet

Day supplicates to a new night,
Shows him, in a silent light,

First son of the mighty sea,
Who will bear, will always be.

Dawn's evangelistic rain
Buries the Valleys again.

(Accepted for publication, "The Salmon")

Sacred Progress

(In Memory of Harry Jones, Pont Nedd Fechan)

I

In Wales the gods had set in concrete
Patterns of somnolence and innocence,
Petty rules their caesars hoarded
Crushed the little people
In narrow lines of thought and action.
They scarred her with accent and

attitude,

Blithe liars both,
Impediments as hard as coal and steel
Which bar her the way to constancy,
Her sun's blood splashing always
On jagged edges.

stone and iron,

Across her face they stick to walls of

Their ruin stares stilled in her hills,
The self-imprisonment of beings
That lithe as wolves had savaged her
With mines now numb and statuesque,
Each an acropolis
Under the fierce hammering of early

winter rain,

A bludgeoning castle of intruder stone
About which man and brother
Squabble for succour,

And lie to the weary traveller.

The waters have scattered
In arid plains and towns
Sterile from long argument
With the featureless land,
They have carved for the intellect
Vast highways,
Their feet in chains.
High above Thermopylae
The vicious eagles scream
And missiles darken
The golden Parthenon's brow.
Across the walls and broken stones
The winter slashes,
Godhead is corrupt.
The war-like machinery
Of many a century
And the ruins of symmetry
Crowd at the lowering cloud,
Arid in the atom's awakening.

II

relatives,

They bent the backs of tiny

Fugitives in monstrous galleries
Crawled like ants for betterment:
Ideals like lead.
Strange in mode and purpose
They breathed filthily
The dusty entrails of the earth,
Found the old war dog
Growling a hoarse familiar tune.
In the black gutters of their hills
Their day was their night

perpetually,

For many a blackened Troy
The small ants scuttled,
Built the Titans' furnace on their

shores,

Wrought weaponry for pointless

wars,

Incestuous grumblings of their

makers,

Obscure, terrible emperors
Of the Western World .
Beyond the Pillars
Their labours of Hercules
Exploded in battle,

guts

Dreadnoughts from the land's hard

Gave to the sea
Incarnate savagery.

III

calculated,

Who are left undrowned
Astride skeletal rock
Torn bare of trees and greenery
Black with dust and gravity
In the hidden sun,
The ruin of mankind
Is devoid of pity,
Whose epitaphs are coldly

Whose destiny is foreseen.
They are Doric columns
Strewn on the ground
In Old Parnassus,
Pits of black sludge, lumps of slag,
Where once the pastures clawed,
Progenitors of childhood's visions
Vanquished.
Here broken on the walls
That human faces made in unison
The tell-tale drops of moisture
Among the desert grains
Endeavour to embalm a golden

age.

IV

towns and cities,

The graves are set in concrete

Here the collier's offspring wrestle,
Woven in history's labyrinths,
Wrought by platonic bureaucrats,
Among corrupt professors,
Oozing days and clinging
To the origin of classes,
Their spring of knowledge
That will never dry.
Here among the mortar they will

die.

Slowly the golden sun's corona
Is pushed to darkness -

void.

The earth's wound gapes in the

V

scar,

The round shield bares a savage

tomorrow a new age.

Alone on the horizon's line
The earth is a bloody grail,
Night's fires move and leave
With the sun, promising with

the burning grail.

Under the moon's pale aspect
I go home at end of day,
Goetterdammerung's hour
Asks praise from setting,
On the grey horizon, drinks from

void

The savage twilight burns,
And great cold descends.
The plough has broken its earth
To seed the stars in a great cold

dissolved.

In which pain and guilt are

together,

Black and light are harrowed

drinks

The firmament is starred.
Promise grasps the grail and

eighties)

For light through the black night,
And the day's great cities
Lie until dawn in unease.

(First published in "Spectrum", Lampeter, Wales, early

George and the Flagon

flown.

George now oozes years of academia,
And is languid as cigar smoke in his cups,
That aromatic sheen, cold vortex, beckons
To the used and servile forces,
And the turgid elements are fused.
They distort his time's horizon
Like the howling Irish sea, its landmark

Young time flowed from giving earth,

Water bearing willow leaves;
The boyish years were bent with gravity,
Though he envied the bright kingfisher
As it flashed to prey across his mind,
True master of those elements.

The years made a stoned and cold laboratory
And have ossified his soul.
Slabs of fishy flesh
Now gasp for air among retort stands
That grasp their fill of water by the throat
As languid George, befuddled, wakes, then

roars

Among the cataracts of hell.

Sunset

Firmament, fervent traitor, bloods the day,
Scars that were cut in morning's side
Have endured time like a squire on the dole.
That half known, half tamed savage,
Black night, has betrayed his age.

For the sun, no longer young behind the plough,
Has watched the one he had always known so

well

Build his jagged cities, plan his wars,
Ever thirsty, ever hating, ever frail,
Sucking poison from a dusty grail.

Vessel of earth no longer smells of warmth,
And Chivalry, Sir Percival of old,
Lie with the outcasts of the dirty city's night;
Man, who left the field of old,
Is dying on a cloth of gold.

Gw^r a Welais yn Henwr

Anesmyth, gwan, baich yw d'esgyrn
Ar dy wyneb syched am ruddhad,
Tydi y plisgyn o'r Somme,
Malwoden dy gragen drom,

Fe daflaist dy gawod fain o berlau
Gerbron dynolryw,
Ieithoedd y gwacter du,
A'u celwydd yn pydri d'awen.
A gefaist am dy boen
Y blaidd yn bygwth y ddafad dawel.
Gwelir y golau'n disgleiro'n dy gadwyn,
Nofia at y war.

Tydi'r hen grewr a wasgaraist dy degwch,
Gola'n tasgu
Ble'r oedd y niwmo mor gyffredin a'r baw,
Yn mygu'r heulwen a glaw.
Tydi'r hen gaethwas,
Edmygedd wnaethost a^th ddwylaw
O'th awyrgylch budr, ei gwaed yn frwnt,
Ei llaeth yn ddu i'th grud,
Rhoddaist i ni gerflun o gymlethdod;
D'unig wely, eiddo in ni, ein horiawr,
Gwelir dy sathr ar ein gwawr.

Free Translation

I Saw You Old

Weak and uneasy, your very bones a burden,
You thirst for release.
Crawling, a snail,
Bearing shells from the Somme.
All around you, fine showers of pearls
Have been thrown at Mankind;
Into the languages of his eternal night.
They lie to your soul,
Wolf-glare among his many flocks.
The dawn searches in sheep's clothing,
But the morning light is silent,
You swim weighted by many chains.

Ancient creator,
You once were light
Where the niwmo was as common as dirt,
Strangling air and life with dust,
Sunshine with eternal rain.
Ancient slave,
Administered
By the filth around you,
The cradle's black milk,
Carve for us a sculpture
That is complex and forlorn,

Your blacker grave.
Your destiny is ours,
Footprints in our dawn.

(Accepted for publication, "The Salmon").

SONNETS of 2006 ONWARDS

The Yew Tree

In six millennia I have seen many
Obscure community notices,
Appearances of impending night, blurs
In the darkness of heavy mid-day rain,
I continue to stare at these creatures,
A static, silent, rooted point of view.
What community use am I? Churchyards
Are littered by burnt out websites. The schools
Are patched and pockmarked by the stones and

words

Of contemporary barbarism.
All humankind to me was dawning dew,
At eve it drinks the sap of poisoned yew,
At noon in stones like lizards lie our saints,
At dusk their dust the darkness slowly taints.

The Wild Geese

A windblown howling. This old orchestra
Plays on its own. There is no conductor,
And the auditorium glistens with shards.
Pieces of time smashed by casual stones
From a still present past. The formulae
Of distant wolves that howl amid the chairs
That once were learned. Iconoclasm?
But why are these abstractions so destroyed?
Was the science so meaningless as to
Yield us no function of the beating heart?
And how many roads must a man walk down
Amid echoes and shades of old renown,
The colours of time that his life rescind?
And the answer is blowing in the wind.

Lluest Treharne

Pines of Lluest Treharne give sound to time,
For history would have broken step,
And there would be no reason for this rhyme.
Why let this ruin irritate? The strep
In the throat. The farmhouse is a pile
Of old stone, that is all. Centrally arranged.
To sell it all let's spit it out in style,
A poisoned well and a caved in roof deranged.
At an angle to the pterodactyl
Clawing at ten thousand years of pure land
To make a pipeline full of human bile,
And dissolving the hourglass in its sand.
Around the pines, around this ruin, blows
The rage of time: the blood of people flows.

nineties) A TRANSLATION OF DAFYDD AP GWILYM, (mid

Part of the Cywydd "Mai"

The Lord knows that goodly ray,
First gentle light, the growth of May.
Great greenery soars away
This first day of mellow May.
The strong trees keep me at bay,
Great Lord is heaven of May.
The wise bards did not mis-say,
The world's glory is in May.

Dawning traperies repay
The generous Lord of May,
Sent me warmly to portray
With hazel brush the green of May.
High florins that won't betray,
Fleur-de-lis of treasured May.
Groves that keep me away
Cloak me too in leafy May.
Angered that time won't delay,
I dread the leaving of May.

Gently she comes to waylay
The harmony of choired May.
Fosterer of bards, nosegay
Made of the pleasures of May.
Baptised Son of God, parlay
With me the glory of May.
Heaven purify, assay
My world, my living in May.

Mai

Duw gwyddiad mae da y gweddai
Dyfodiad mwyn dyfod Mai.
Difeth irgyrs a dyfai
Dyw Calan mis mwynlan Mai.
Digrinflaen goed a'm oedai,
Duw mawr a roes doe y Mai.
Dillyn beirdd ni'm rhydwyllai
Da fyd ym oedd dyfod Mai.

Harddaws teg a'm anrhegai,
Hylaw wr mawr hael yw'r Mai.
Anfones ym iawn fwnai,
Glas defyll gla^n mwyngyll Mai.
Ffloringod brig ni'm drigai,
Fflur-dy-lis gyfoeth Mis Mai,
Diongl rhag brad y'm cadwai,
Dan esgyll dail mentyll Mai.
Llawn wyf o ddig na thrigai
(Beth yw i mi) byth y Mai.

Dolais ferch a'm anerchai,
Dyn gwiwryw mwyn dan go^r Mai.
Tadmaeth beirdd heirdd a'm hwrddai,
Serchogion mwynion, yw Mai.
Mab bedydd Dafydd difai,
Mygrlas, mawr yw urddas Mai.
O'r nef y doeth a'm caethai,
I'r byd, fy mywyd yw Mai.

SOME MORE FREE METRE POETRY

Dream Elegy for Human Bondage

"I' the how dumb deid o' the
Cauld hairst nicht
The warl' like an eemis stane
Wags i' the lift;
An' my eerie memories fa'
Like a yowdendrift"

I

Again and again, look to see,
Look to sea, again, again and again.
Past gaping teeth, jaw open, jaw shut,
Shut and open, over and over again.
Rain storms, years outside heard,
Still heard, jingle-jangle jungle sound,
Two mouths gaping, brute saying,
Four walls answer, beat around.
Look to sea time, gone, gone past,
Gone again, gone, gone again.
Wave crash, clock tick,
Beating, pendulum pulling earth,
Beating again and over again.
Heart and mouth, earth boned, caged.
Look to see, flames in eyes,
Fire smoking, clearing,
Look to see, look to sea,
Through eyes not seeing,
Ears not hearing.
Don't hear, don't hear, over and over don't hear.
Look in eyes for death time coming -
Behind eyes may be light,
Dead black night hides nothing,
Shows the grey wet town not there -
Gone, gone again.

II

Hate tick hate tock,
Years beat, beat by,
Ears beaten to earth, beaten to crust,
Beaten to melting rock,
And hear again, here again
Small man, mind amok, no thought,
Amok in hate and echoing again and again,
Tick, tick, tock of clashing teeth,
Words fall dead to earth,
Falls the rain, grey, grey, old.
Thousand years of falling,
Winds burn men who hate
And weave them into walls
And echo years of bitter words.
Words, teeth clashing sound,
Noises, deep hatred,

Music harks in cloisters,
A plain song for pain,
Echoes are golden in the grey day.
Worlds are plain heard, yesterday
Which shakes with sound, shakes windows
In a dulling grey winded day,
Grey day, again grey, grey again and again grey.
Thousand ticks make plain song,
Held in four walls, fingers point and shake,
Clicking teeth and ticking flesh
Grow fearful in the idol's cave,
Man molten, earth screams.
Clock waits awhile, waits, waits,
Ticks on, again on, on and on again.

III

Light-dart on water, come and gone,
Come and ever-gone, come and gone again,
Dance, sun-fluted fever,
Silver dart, golden flute,
Do not hate, sing warm the day.
Melted rock in bursting light
That comes once in one place only,
Melts to water, pulled to sun.
Shaken stone is all the world,
Four walls fall to light and sound,
Cannot keep warring teeth.
Jagged lands fall to sea,
Sea seen again and again and again,
Fists pound rocks to atoms,
Worlds gape in open mouths.
Time returns to sea,
In the mighty sun
Survives its agony.

The Second Coming

“And what beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born,”

William Butler Yeats

Ugly is the sleet's edge,
That cuts this contemporary eve,
Dirt thrown at the skin, the frail shield,
Of this town on the doorstep of Christmas.
Out thrusts its beery head to ice and cold

To bellow at man and destiny
"Come and partake of your pleasure".

Wallowing on the pavement,
Old Christmas was a cradle,
An infant on a cold black lap
Is now the roaring sea.

He will awaken, quickly awaken,
And cut at the night like a scythe,
Hammer back the frosty dykes
Of piety.

The sea with net and legend
Partook, partook of the many grey fish
That the waters bear,
That he found there.

Marwnad
(Mehffin 1982)

Cleddwch a^ ryfel eich difyrrwch,
Trugaredd aeddfed, hedd,
Fydd gyda'ch ar eich traeth, yn ildio
Ar ddiwedd y dydd
I freichiau'r Iwerydd.

Drosoch mae hunllef y nos
Yn llifo'n swrth i'r bore;
Geiriau llyfn y golygydd
Yn clecian am feirw newydd.

Yng Nghymru machlud gwlyb,
Eich anial oedd y glaw,
Patrymau'r enfys,
A chymylau, caeau, melyn
Fe luniodd yn eich baw.

Fe dasgodd fel adenydd ar y wawr,
Dros Dy^ Cyffredin newydd sbon,
Y chwith yn sgrechain gyda'r dde,
Yr awyrenau creulon.

Free Translation

Elegy
(July 1982)

Let peace bury the frivolity of war,
Mercifully spreading,
Yielding at the day's end
To the great Atlantic sea.

Let go the night,
Let it escape to day;
Smooth editorial mornings,
Gossiping of the newly dead.

Wales is always a wet day,
A wilderness of rain for you now.
Rainbow patterns,
Clouds, sweet looking fields,
Are drowned in sorrow.

Pour and beat wings of dawn,
Wings of Parliament,
Left and right in harmony,
The cruel missiles scream.

Y Ceffyl Gwyn

A mi ger yr afon ddu yn crwydro,
Fe'th welais, y cawr gwyn, bythol gawr,
Golau'r gwyfyn,
Dy holl fyd yn wyn
Dros fychan ddy
A^i dafodydd yn rhedeg i'r mor,
A^i gysgodion yn llisgo amdano.
Y march gwyn wyt yn camu'r graig,
Hi a'i cherflun amdanot.
Ar filltiroedd amseroedd
Pedolau o olau
Ar y mawn fel efail,
Dyrnau hunllef, briwsion bywyd,

Y gwreichion o'th bedolau,
Hunllef ar ganfas caethion y dref.
Cynddeiriog anadl,
Llwydni corfforol,
O'u hamgylch storom wyt,
Rhyddyd wyt y ceffyl gwyn,
A mi dy fardd.

Free Translation

The Celtic White Horse

Briefly in time's torrents
A white and eternal giant,
In the firefly light
You are blinding.
In modern man's minute domain,
Where history flickers to the sea,
Waters rush contrarily.
White Horse of Celtic Time,
Hammered in the rock,
An instant of sculpted fire
On the dark and ancient miles
Pound your hooves;
Peat flashes on the anvil
Among the ruins of culture
And a stallion thunders.
The canvas of the modern city
Is vulcanized.
Grey commercial beings
Are seared
In a howling forge.
Ancient freedoms and knowledge
Bear away the underling.

Jim

(With Great Respect and in Memory)

He was opaque and ordinary,
Was born of dignity and hope,
Felix et Regula, twin images of Zurich,

Faith and Order,
Two faces, ancient and cold Swiss stone,
Reflections on the Zurichsee,
Is hanging on a cross beam,
Swinging on a hole in the garage floor,
Ambushed by black infinity,
Bounteous time is eternal.
Shivering high on the Celtic Rhine
Is an anonymous Welsh speaker
Labelled like that by strangers.
He is older, much older,
Much further away than ever could be.
Suddenly, an office, a clockwork box,
Purgatory, decorative chocolate,
High on the Celtic spine of Turicum
Is all of Jim, a memory.
For Jim is a bit of old Cambrian News,
An afterthought in Irchel and Dyfed,
As fleeting and pointless as profit,
Jim was found dead in his garage you see,
Very early one morning,
He died of anxiety.

II

Two thousand winters deep
In the packed Alpine glaciers
That tower over merchants,
Contemporaries confused in time's tram lines,
He is dressed in finery,
Is cloaked, purple wreathed,
Is bronze and glittering gold,
Spiralling triskeles
In life's mighty furnace.
Is fierce and fiery.
Irchel on high and Dyfed gleam
In the harvest of Celtic time,
Brilliant Alpine oratory,
Towering Land of the Young.

III

Jim became a stranger's tale,
A monosyllable
For tourist consumption,
Aber is not pronouncable
And has wilted in the forging.
The Uni is administered
And governed from afar

Transmuted into bacon
By landladies for visitors
To sun, sea and scenery.
The eternal stranger
Lies packaged for posterity
Born to toil and remnant values.
Son of Dignity the bearer of shields,
And Hope the eternal provider,
Eyes the horizon
And yearns for the Land of the Young.
The visitors despise abstraction
And spiralling thought,
No longer keep the tongue
And blaze with random anger
Detonated by a game of rugby.
Their brilliant, blazing, aureal sun
Will never rise.

IV

There are fragments
Of magnificent light
In farming talk,
But lie buried in weeds
That grow from a time
That was resplendent.
A time that steeled in starving winters
Was generous,
And wove into birth the fibres
Of a many coloured land.

V

Deeply carved
Were these triskeles
And were caught and classified
As disposables
When a technician is stamped as redundant.
Pointless egotism
Needs its human sacrifice
In a damp eccentric town
That bears no trace of finery,
Of what men should be about,
Nor of admonition
From the old land.

VI

Cloaked in redundancy

But cold in ancestral land
And its many saintly waves
He appeared unmoved.
He was determined to.
At the end of a boring week
He was sentenced to die.
He had been profitable
And had brought amusement to visitors,
Some Welsh themselves,
Had toiled dutifully
In his ancient piety
And he would die quietly.
He was spared minutes of time
As the sentence came
Snipped from busy schedules.
They, not he, wrote history.
For the sake of decency
He would be given these minutes.
This was necessary,
Apparently.

VII

His long silent winter,
Grains of ice now on frozen Cayuga,
Knew no greasy landladies
But was lighted by the very distant stars
Roaring in time's winds,
He would be and yet not be
In crabbed and selfish Aber,
An occasional memory.
With the river in Glyn Eithrym
That was filthy with tips that killed,
And coloured with suffocating dust,
Wanton carnage,
He would journey.
There would be no diurnal sobriety
And no pretence to life without end
At the age of forty five.
In the jungle of NYC
The wind cut him to pieces
Amid the crazed bullets
Of modernity.

VIII

In the cold pre dawn
When he was utterly alone,
Elli, Teilo and Tysul moved unseen

In the poisonous eddies of time.
Three saints moved silently.
Three Welsh speakers
Whispering anciently
Had no property for rent or sale,
But beckoned to time,
Greeted him as man,
Imago hominis.
He was a brilliant scribe and goldsmith again
Of Colum Cille's Scriptorium,
Weaving triskeles.
They greeted a man of great genius
Who had wrought many an Ardagh Chalice
And carved Glendalough.
Full of courage, full of wisdom,
These three had toiled in fields
And knew the Code of Giving.
They had hidden words and metres
In remote hillsides,
Many needles for a cloth of gold.
They greeted him as equal,
No longer slave,
And calmed time's roaring wave.

IX

Elli the fiery eagle
Glides high among times
And brings truth to Dyfed
From the wild beehives of Skelling Fichil
And its anchorite echoes
Of yesterday's beating waves.
Thundering among the skies
There speaks the truth
That leaves drops of moisture on Elli's brow.
Corpuscular, ineluctable beads of water
Binding earth to sea.
Croeso adre, welcome home,
You were butchered
In howling deserts
Of small ambition.
Here you are among us
And we will converse
In our natural tongue.
Our long day comprehends
Every second of its harmony,
Listens, absorbs, our words.
It moves among our fields,
Blistered with painful toil,

As we swing the sharp scythe
To succour winter
With summer's hay,
So that shivering calves
Live until spring
And cycle time anew,
Leave one more drop on the brow.
In the pocket of the weary day
Time gleans us words,
Syllables, golden hay,
Leave us poetry.
Croeso adre.
The great shire horse is wise
With strength of fifty men,
Ploughs surely, furrows arrows
Even on the steepest valley sides.
The emerald turns to bracken
As we bargain with the soil
That gave us words, ourselves, for toil.

X

Teilo the giver of warmth
Cut peat and strata of years
In the drifts and pits and storms of time.
The great and enduring Valleys.
Teilo sparks the gleaming crystals
And steam coal bursts into being,
Blazes into freedom.
Colliery shotman, free, no slave,
Faced death on a daily basis
In the anonymous cloisters
Underground.
Teilo greets him in the early dawn.
Each element of forty centuries
Is wrought in his greeting,
Elements that detonate
To firestorms
In the vacuous blackness of redundancy.
Creative machinery
Is arranged in symmetry
In the ordinary talk and cadence
Of two trudging colliers.
From the caverns of night
They bring light.
From the gleaming seam
Teilo blows away
The form stuffing bureaucrats
And executioners.

The relativistic sands
Of Aber's shifting beaches
Are ocean steppes of howling hurricanes.
The nucleus tears apart,
A spiral of golden torque unwinds
And the pen wielders are hurled
Into cold void.
Teilo warms him by the lucid, fiery coal,
And gives him back his soul.

XI

Tysul the thoughtful,
Shield of truth,
Is an intricate silence.
His gaze a deep pool.
He paints the rocky, cruel land
With harvest.
His the burden of his Nation's mind.
Slate lashed together by rain,
The slaves of Gwynedd toiling.
Tysul gives him profound dignity
In which faint words would be stones
Thrown into silence.
They would reverberate
Like a steam hammer
In the silent Scriptorium
Of Iona.
So silence is sufficient.
Words would crush like a breaking sprag
Beneath a mile of rock.
Tysul welcomes him
With photons of light,
With hope freely given,
Yet mined in monstrous cruelty.
The new day arises
And swirls on the axis
Of Tysul's vision.
Crazed bureaucrats supplicate,
Trapped in their passing hours
By lines of stony walls,
They see only transiently.
Bound by their own gravity
They ensure self-oblivion.
They cannot hide their pitiless killing
On highways of prosperity,
NATO tornado claws them,

The new eagle of Eryri.
The paper said that the balance
Of his mind was disturbed,
But Tysul weighs another lie
And adds a grain of eulogy
To his harvest of mankind.

XII

I am free, do not grieve for me,
But for yourselves seek destiny.
Great bars and walls of iron
Amid the savagery of warped time
No longer impede.
The Generous People have found me
In my solitude and great pain,
And have given me the village
Of my youth
Where life's scythe
Gives way to winter's food.
Wisdom in the warm breeze
Is an eternity
In the small fields of Wales.
Flow upstream to the source of life
The source of twin progenitors
Where the nucleus of a Nation
Wells indestructably.
It is graceful and pristine
Even in the ghastly grey pre dawn.

In the Land of the Young
His song is sung.

SOME METRICAL POETRY

Dylan

(Villanelle)

Ble gleddaist dy galon, Dylan Eildon?
Beth gwrddaist yn iach ar y deilen hon,
Yng nghartref d'afallon dan fo^r creulon?

Ar wyneb y mo^r a^th elynion
"R oedd bara bywyd yn briwio'n yfflon;
Ble gleddaist dy galon Dylan Eildon?

A^th friwsion, d'ymlau yn d'eiriau graslon,
Ar anial dudalen graen dy galon
Yn nghartref d'afallon dan fo^r creulon?

At gartref dy lesni'n dy fore llon
Suddodd dy gwch o'r anialwch estron;
Ble gleddaist dy galon Dylan Eildon?

A nawr a^ blodau d'urddas ar dy fron
Gorffwysa'n grwn a tharddiad dwr d'afon
Yn nghantref d'afallon dan fo^r creulon.

Mor bur dy darddiad, mor chwyrn yr afon,
Mor hen yw dyfroedd y mo^r dan y don.
Ble gleddaist dy galon, Dylan Eildon?

Yng nghantref d'afallon dan fo^r creulon.

Dylan

(Villanelle)

Now why did Dylan sea son leave the land?
He came from waters of the wave's blue brow,
He left a living imprint in the sand.

His words of Laugharne were wrought with silver

But flew away like fledglings from the bough.
Now why did Dylan sea son leave the land?

Did the tide come in to claim its own and
Cut away the landlocked with its plough?
He left a living imprint in the sand.

Did the ebbing tide despair and leave bland
Endearing greed to suckle from the sow?
Now why did Dylan sea son leave the land?

hand

Did heron sternly speak and then demand
That waters are what words and thoughts allow.
He left a living imprint in the sand.

His shadows are what golden words command,
At dusk he left, his being to avow.
Now why did Dylan sea son leave the land?
He left a living imprint in the sand.

Recent Sonnets

Gelliwastad Burning

The machine has stopped, the earth is trembling,
Individuals descend towards ground,
Tinged and sudden, a laboratory
In which green is worked to desolation
Is all that is left of Gelliwastad.
The bones of being lie on stony ground
Torn up by bikers burning randomly
Millenia made of heather, gorse and trees.
Authorities cower in many lies
And search among charcoal for inertia.
They are there on paper but tyre tracks
Write history with roaring dust and flame.
Now the green coming of humankind sees
An inferno of copper coloured trees.

Sonnet in the Manner of Shakespeare

When eve come by the weary shadows bow
In wonder gazing at her timely grace,
The sun enchants the leaves with golden glow
And takes his leave with coat of fiery lace.
The day departs and fades upon the weald,
The old makes way for waking day anew,
Now wisdom bows and knows that he must yield
To wonderment amid the morning dew,
And minute upon minute guide the way,
Companions in the darkness of the night,
While shreds of light around the fires play
With children huddled out of sight.
Almighty clarion and the morning's song
Have echoed clear but now have stayed o'er long.

Free Verse 2011

Meeting Cliff Morgan

Among dimmed ward lights
And aching wounds of children
Cliff Morgan came to visit
My kind of rugby.
They told me he was famous.
But he sat a humped figure among reality,
Parked near a bed.
Here was another side to life
That he tried to give cheer to,
A whiteness dangerously close to death
In those so young.
It was incomprehensible,
And at night very silent.
It was not a rugby crowd,
In green daylight.
Cliff Morgan was my hero
And scribbled an autograph
For a useless bird.
Nye Bevan was my hero,
Before him I was sold
And beyond repair –
This my first official visit
To the world outside.